





### THE LONELY COTTAGE.

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DUTIES OF HUSBANDS.

We have been favored with the opinions of (two female correspondents on the subject of "matrimonial maxims," addressed to married ladies, which we selected for the Ladies Department of Zion's Herald, August 21st. One of these fair unknown writers says, "I am young and, by experience, know nothing of the trials which those (married) ladies have;" the other says, "God has seen fit in his mercy to favor me with a companion possessing a very amiable disposition, far, very far superior to my own. Many times have I marked his steps and watched his movements to please me; many times have I noticed his labor of love in studying my temper and commanding his own. Let others go and do likewise." Both of these ladies seem to agree in one thing;—which is, that the writer of the "matrimonial maxims" did not introduce the consideration of that superior and permanent happiness which springs from religion. This criticism is just; the writer, whoever he is, did not carry his views of happiness any further than this world. Another cause of complaint advanced by these ladies is that nothing is said about the duties of husbands. We thank these friends for the suggestion, and entertain no doubt but they would be more pleased to see something on this subject in our columns than to have their own short communications inserted. We do not know who the author of the "matrimonial maxims" is;—we selected the article from a newspaper; but we know the authoress

A Paris paper of the 25th June, gives the details of a shocking murder which was committed a few days previous in the neighborhood of Toulon, by a young lady, upon the body of her lover, in a fit of jealousy. She cut his throat from ear to ear.

A horrid murder is also related under the Marquis de... head. A pedler, having in his possession a considerable sum of money and some valuable goods, was murdered in the heart, in the house where he had put up for the night, by his hostess:—

"The husband and wife conveyed the body to the garden, where they dug a grave and buried it. A few days afterwards the woman put on her daughter eight years, one of the silk handkerchiefs, which was in the pack of the unfortunate pedler.—The girl went to school, and her mistress asked her where her mother thought so pretty a kerchief. The child replied that she did not know: but that her mother

your letter anticipates, and to supply with creditable advantage a much lamented vacancy in the organization of our schools. These are all combined in a system, pervaded by the Bell and Lancasterian principle, of making the learners in an upper department the teachers in a lower; but for the last ten months

**Strang's Confession.**—In Strang's confession, pared and published under the direction of his counsel, he charges Mrs. Whipple with being not only accomplice, but the instigator of the horrid crime of murdering her husband. She requested Strang employ some laborers on the canal to murder him. At her request, Strang several times purchased dynamite for the purpose of poisoning him. This plan having once been rejected, she then placed the dynamite in the child and herself, she preferred to die with the child at it, rather than excite any suspicion. She attempted to prevent it. She stated it to be impossible to prevent it. Not succeeding this way, she advised Strang to

Dickenson, do; Clematis, Low, Haver, Briggs, Fane, Young, and  
Liverpool; James, Bucknam, Hamburg and Cushman; the  
Meadow Picket, Lee, Tereza; John, Halifax; and  
land, Snow, N Orleans, Briggs, *Acorn*, House, Philadelphia  
Sarah Lins, Thing, Portau, Tracy.  
—*3-Jerred*, says James Maury, Woolberry, Cronstadt,  
and the *W. Williams*, Wards, St. Michaels, and  
Mensa, Hall, Rotterdam; Attentive, Sommers, Faval, Bar-  
low, Endicott, Antwerp; at your, Briggs, Sack and Estler, her  
Grove, Gibraltar; Pilgrimage, and  
Hartsburn, Valparaiso and a market; Shaw, Weeks, Re-  
mond, Volant, Alexandria, and Algeria; Baltimore,  
Kingston, Brown, Bayonne, and the *W. Williams*,  
Low, Perkins, do; Robert Patten, David, Stockholm; also  
Howard and James, Haskins, Labrador.



## POETS' DEPARTMENT.

## DESTRUCTION OF BABYLON.

From the "Harp of Zion," a volume of Poems by Mr. Knox, lately published in England.

How! Babylon! how! for the fate of thy land,  
The terrible day of the Lord is at hand;  
Like the roar from the ocean, the tumult of war  
Is heard from the nations that gather afar:  
Afar they are coming, with banners unfurled,  
To sweep thee away, like a cloud from the world.

The hand of thy strong shall be weak as a child,  
And the heart of thy brave shall with terror grow wild,  
And the brows of thy haughty shall droop in despair,  
And the wail of thy fearful shall float in the air,  
And the host of thy mighty at sight of thy foes,  
Like a woman in travail, shall shriek in their throes.

How! Babylon! how! at the day of thy doom,  
When the sun of the dawn shall be darkened in gloom,  
And the moon shall grow pale, like a wanderer forlorn,  
And the planets that shone, of their beams shall be shorn,  
And the heavens shall quake at the anger of God,  
And the earth be removed from her ancient abode.

The valiant, who strive with the spear and the sword,  
Shall fall in the battle, all ghastly and cold,  
And the timorous that fly, like the terrified roe,  
Shall be trodden to earth by the feet of their foe:  
Their wives shall be ravished, their houses despoiled,  
And dashed into pieces each innocent child.

How! Babylon! how! for the season shall come,  
When no mortal shall dwell in thy desolate home,  
But the hosts of the desert shall crowd in thy street,  
And the birds of the islands together shall meet  
And the owls shall hoot, and the screech shall play,  
When the king and his people have melted away.

## THE SOUND OF THE SEA.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Thou art sounding on, thou mighty Sea,  
For ever and the same!  
The ancient rocks yet ring to thee,  
Whose thunders naught can tame.

Oh many a glorious voice is gone  
From the rich towers of Earth,  
And husk'd is many a lovely one  
Of mournfulness or mirth.

The Dorian flute, that sighed of yore  
Along thy wave, is still;  
The harp of Judah peals no more  
On Zion's awful hill.

And Meunon's lyre hath lost its chord  
That breathed the mystic tone,  
And the songs, at Rome's high triumphs pour'd,  
Are with her eagles flown.

And nought the Moorish horn that rang  
O'er stream and mountain free,  
And the hymn the leagued Crusaders sang  
Hath died in Galilee.

But thou art swelling on, thou Deep!  
Through many an olden clime,  
Thy hollow anthem, ne'er to sleep  
Until the close of time.

Tion lift up thy solemn voice  
To every wind and sky,  
And all our earth's green shores rejoice  
In what one harmony!

It fills the neoclide's calm profound,  
The swan's heaven of gold;  
And the still midnight hears the sound  
Ev'n as when first it roll'd.

Let there be silence deep and strange,  
Where crowd'd clouds rise!  
Thou speak'st of one that doth not change—  
So may our hearts repose.

## MINISTERS' DEPARTMENT.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

The following letter from a gentleman in this city to his son, a preacher in the New England Conference, not yet 21 years of age, contains so many pious sentiments that we have solicited the privilege of taking a copy for the Herald.

My dear Son,—The anxiety that fathers feel for their children is an emotion better felt than expressed. My mind, on the morning you left me to go to Conference, was much agitated—as were also your dear mother and sisters. We felt extremely solicited on account of your early age. I sat down, opened the Bible at Luke iv. 17, 18, and found these words—"And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Isaiah. And when he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written, the Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised."—In reading this my sorrowful heart was filled with joy and thankfulness to God who gave me faith to believe that these declarations might be applied to you, and that the Spirit of God would be granted to you for the good of his church and the glory of his name, in bringing captive sinners out of their dungeons. O what a glorious work it is to be called by God to save souls! You are engaged in the same work with many of your dear brethren in the Lord, who, in the same holy warfare, have left, as you have, their all—their father's house and many comforts to do the work of God. Having forsaken all these for Christ, you have the promise of an hundred fold in this life and in the world to come everlasting life. This, my son, will more than pay you for all your toil and labor for poor sinners. Keep the precious promises in view and live very near to God by a holy, humble self-denying life, that you may enjoy a constant communion with the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost—that you may be fitted more and more for the sacred work of bringing lost souls to Christ and be instrumental of making many such to be pillars in the church of God, ornaments to the cause, and stars in the future crown of your rejoicing. Let your own soul be like a well watered garden, bearing the ripe fruits of holiness to the Lord, and then you will shout, giving glory to God for the victory over Satan's kingdom.

While thus giving way to my thoughts, methinks I see you riding along your circuit, meditating on a dear father's house and the many comforts both temporal and spiritual which you might there enjoy. For what have I left these, your mind may inquire—when all at once the worth of precious souls arises to view. You see them in the broad road to ruin—the Spirit of God brings them before you hanging between heaven and hell just ready to drop to rise no more for ever. You see the great gulf, made by their sins, that separates sinners from their Saviour, and your soul, divinely moved, cries after them, "hear ye, hear ye the word of the Lord before you fall to rise no more."

My soul would say, my son, follow on, and pursue the battle to the very gates of the enemy—for every battle of the warrior is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood—the arrows of the Almighty shall stick fast in the sinner's heart and the slain of the Lord shall be many, and a great cry for mercy in the name of Jesus Christ shall be raised, and you shall have strength to point them to a throne of grace where they may plead the merits of the Redeemer of souls—where his precious blood may be applied to the healing of their pollutions, and where the Lord shall give

them victory over Satan's power and bring them into his own kingdom of glory.—Thus, my son, you may be like the holy men who belong to the same Conference with you, and like them you may take the sword of the Spirit that reaches from heaven to earth, slay your thousands and bring them to the fold of God. Like David, leaving his father's sheep and going forth to slay Goliath, so may you and your brethren in the ministry, go forth to victory, and may it be said of you, as it was of David,—ye have slain your tens of thousands who were out of Christ!

When I think of the many praying fathers and mothers of old—of a Hannah praying for her Samuel—and all those who in the present day of blessings pray for their sons that they might be owned of God in the glorious work of saving souls, I have faith that the Lord will hear prayer for you, my son, although a stripling; for the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong.—  
A FATHER.

Boston, July 8, 1827.

Anecdote of Bishop Porteus and his present Majesty when Prince of Wales.

We take the following interesting anecdote from the Christian Sentinel. We recollect to have read it in one of the New York papers, not long after the Bishop's death, though somewhat varied; but probably not so accurately narrated as by the correspondent of the Sentinel.

It was published that the Prince was about to give a great military dinner on a Sunday. The Bishop had been some time confined, but, upon hearing this, was lifted into his carriage, and was driven to Carlton House. He was carried into the presence of the Prince, when they were left alone, the Bishop said to him, "I hear, with great concern, that your Royal Highness is about to do a thing which will give a pernicious example to others, and break down the very small limits remaining of respect to the day, guarded by laws human and divine; and those laws your Royal Highness was born to enforce. You have an awful responsibility upon you. Human favor or displeasure is nothing to me now, for the verge of eternity; a very few days, and I shall be beyond the reach of praise or censure; but I could not enter into the presence of my Maker without this disconcerting my conscience. You, Sir, have much more to account for than your fatherly yearnings are far superior to his, and you have had a much better example before you; yet with a capacity far inferior to yours, and struggling with many public and private calamities, such is the purity of piety and virtue, and their influence, that at this day, there is not on the whole earth an individual so much beloved, and so honored in every part of the globe. If you see the advantage of the divine favor, and turn for aid where alone you can find it to support you in good resolutions, you will be a beloved and glorious monarch. Your happy manner, and acknowledged talents, will aid your influence in bringing many to righteousness. If, on the contrary, you abandon the path chosen by your good father, and strengthen vice by your example, millions will follow you in the paths of destruction, and accuse you in the hour of judgment." This and more he said till his strength was exhausted, being all the while most respectful, though impressive; finally, he said, "now I must conclude with leaving my solemn dying blessing with your Royal Highness." The Prince knelt down before him, and the Bishop gave him his benediction with great solemnity. The Prince then assisted him to his carriage; the military dinner was given up; there was an inquiry made every day for the Bishop, and, for three days after his death, the Prince shut himself up, and would not see any person.—*Gospel Messenger.*

## PARENTS' DEPARTMENT.

## INDISCREET ALLIANCES.

The following circumstance, well known to the writers, may serve to illustrate the criminality, as well as the impolicy, of forced marriages. A young lady, with the approbation of her family, had permitted her affections to be engaged by a gentleman, with whom there appeared every reason to anticipate a propitious union; when, however, he imagined himself sure of her, he manifested a pre-eminence of temper, and propensity to coarseness, which many take greater pains to conceal until they have secured their object. For a long time, however, her attachment remained unshaken, till at length it gave way under repeated provocation: she ceased to love one whom she could no longer esteem, and the union was given up by mutual consent. In process of time she was again addressed by a gentleman, apparently more deserving; and the connexion promised the happiest results, till their felicity was interrupted by the intemperate conduct of her former lover, whose attachment was again revived from this circumstance, and which manifested itself by threatening destruction to his rival, to the object of his affections, and to himself. As he was connected in business with the young lady's father, he could not disengage himself without considerable inconvenience to the family. Under these circumstances, they resolved to sacrifice her happiness to their own interest; and while the father impetuously urged on her head, should she persevere in her refusal, the mother, better skilled in the arts of persuasion, besought her consent to the union on her knees! Thus beset on every side, and with a heart torn by contending passions, she relinquished the object of her sincerest attachment, and yielded her hand to the man who, but for his own misconduct, would never have known a rival. She had the grief to see her discarded friend expire in a few months in a state of mental derangement, the consequence of his severe disappointment.

The subsequent conduct of her husband but too well justified her apprehensions, and put her truly meek and patient temper to the severest trial. The depressing effects on her mind were such as might have been expected; although naturally formed for domestic life, she never shone either as a wife or mother. Her family evidently suffered no less than herself from the consequences, of this early oppression.

The deep conviction evinced by her husband in her dying moments, could neither protract her existence, nor recall his past misconduct;—the performance of duty to living relatives, is of much more value than the most humiliating concessions to dying ones.

Whether any advantages to be derived from a forced union can sufficiently compensate for the sacrifices it demands, and evils with which it is almost always attended, those who have tried the experiment are, perhaps, the most competent to determine.

It is true, that at this eventful period a parent's task is most difficult and anxious. The utmost wisdom and prudence, united with the sincerest affection, sometimes prove of no avail. An appeal to reason, by a fair and candid representation of the probable consequences of a step about to be taken, may sometimes have a happy effect, especially where the character has been previously formed by judicious management. If this had not been the case, it is indeed too much to expect any great degree of pliability, or self command, in an affair in which the most powerful principles of our nature are implicated.

It sometimes happens that, notwithstanding all the prudent endeavors of a parent, the decisive step is taken, and the fate of the object of solicitude is unalterably fixed, up to the very confines of this mortal life. When this is the case, whatever previous disapprobation it may have excited, if the happiness of the child (not the authority of the parent) has been the primary object, it will still remain so. To abandon a much loved being for one false step taken at an inexperienced age, and which may prove its own punishment, is totally unlike the conduct of the universal Parent, who, patient and long suffering, is accumulating benefits on the heads of His children, notwithstanding all their reiterated offences.

Especially should parents endeavor, if possible, to restrain their resentment against those who have outraged their families; as for the "twain are now become one flesh," the displeasure manifested against

one, must eventually inflict pain upon the other, besides the hazard of creating discord, and making a breach between the parties, which it may be impossible afterwards to heal.—*Mrs. Taylor.*

## LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

From the Christian Spectator.

## THE LILY OF THE MOUNTAIN.

A superficial observer of the inequalities of life might suppose that there is a greater variety of human happiness than corresponds with facts. The parade of power, the pride of birth, and the magnificence of wealth, seem to indicate an enjoyment far greater than can consist with the plain attire, the frugal repast, and the humble seclusion of the cottage. This would be a correct inference if the mind could be rendered happy by the parade of external circumstances. But a contented mind is the only source of happiness, and consequently, if "one flutters in brocade," and moves amid the refinements of society, and another is clad in homely attire, and occupies the sequestered valley, or the recesses of the forest, it is not certain that this variety of external circumstances furnishes an equality of happiness. If God has given to one the luxuries and the honors of life, He has given to another the ornaments of a meek and quiet spirit. Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which He hath prepared for them that love Him? And is not that peace which flows from a title to the heavenly inheritance superior to all the pageantry of an ungodly world? So I thought when, in the bosom of one of those western wilds with which our infant country yet abounds, I was prompted by humanity, as well as by duty, to visit the lonely dwelling of a poor, afflicted widow. The path that leads to this cottage is over a mountain and through a forest which has never echoed to the axe of the husbandman. As I climbed the toilsome solitary way, I asked myself, what wretched beings, rent from the bosom of society, have chosen to bury their sorrows in this noiseless retreat? I had not imagined that I should find so lovely a being as I have named the *Lily of the Mountain*. As I advanced, a little opening presented the cottage sending up its solitary wreaths of smoke. There is a charm when one first emerges from the bosom of the wilderness, and catches the smoke of a dwelling, and hears the barking of the jealous watch dog, which cannot be described, and which can be realized only by experience.

I had now reached the cottage, and stooped to gain admission through the humble door. The building consisted of a pile of logs unceremoniously rolled together in the form of a dwelling, and supporting with more than the strength of Gothic architecture the half thatched roof. There was no chimney, and the smoke was permitted to struggle through the aperture, or to yield to the repulse of an adverse wind, and circulate about the interior till it could escape through the interstices of the mansion. The fire necessary to expel the cold from this comfortable habitation, had turned to the semblance of ebony, and to the reality of charcoal, the adjacent logs which were made to do the half office of a chimney; and the floor was of native earth, except some pieces of refuse boards, and some flat stones which served as a hearth. There were no apartments in the dwelling, but a blanket venerable from age was suspended, as it were, for the purpose of half concealing the necessary domestic business from the couch of sickness and languishing. Some pieces of broken shingles fixed in the opening of the logs served as a shelf, and here were deposited some dusty tracts and an ancient family Bible, reminding one of the charm of New England piety.

But it is time to say something of the inmate of the dwelling. On a mat near the fire lay a son, the support of declining age, with a foot half amputated by an unfortunate blow from the axe. The wound had been dressed by an empiric of the neighborhood; settlement; and the patient, left to the care of his widowed mother, was pursuing a most unfruitful career. Near by, upon the only couch, lay the interesting form which constitutes the subject of my narrative. The victim of consumption, she resembled faded flowers, but fading life. Confined from its sun and air, her complexion had assumed a delicate whiteness, and the slow wasting fever had tinged her cheeks with the most beautiful color. Her disease had reached that stage in its progress, which gives a transparency to the skin, and throws around the female form the loveliness of an angel, and awaking those mingled emotions which I shall not attempt to describe, and which excites the earnest prayer that death, having rendered his victim so passively beautiful, may relinquish his purpose. With indescribable feelings I drew near the couch of this interesting sufferer. Her expressive eye spoke of happier days, and the raven tresses that lay dishevelled on her pillow seemed to whisper that had this flower, thus

And waste its sweetness on the desert air,  
been transplanted to the parterre, it might have surpassed in beauty and fragrance its sister flowers. But I was anxious to learn the approaching destiny of the spirit that animated this form of loveliness. Do you feel that God is just in bringing upon you such great afflictions? "I am not afflicted, and if I were God is just." But you are unhappy, to lie in this wretched condition!

"I am not unhappy; it is better to be as I am now than as I was once, in health, for then I thought too much of the world." If then, you are happy, and reconciled to your condition, you must have found something more than the happiness of this world. "I have—that which the world cannot give." Have you no hope of recovery? "I have no wish to recover." Have you no fear of death? "I am not afraid to die, God is so good that I am safe with Him." Yes, God is good, but we are wicked. "O yes, (clasping her emaciated hands,) I have been so wicked that I do not suffer half so much as I deserve, but Christ is merciful." Have you no fears that you may be deceived?

"No fears now—perfect love casteth out fear." Are you not sometimes in distress when you are in great pain?

"I do not think of pain, I am so happy, and shall soon go home." There was an affecting earnestness in all she said, which I cannot describe, and a promptness which beautifully illustrated the inspired truth, that of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. I found myself in the presence of one who had learned much in the school of Christ, and who seemed just spreading her wings for the mansions of rest. Consolation, instruction, sympathy,—she needed none, for she had already passed within the veil. I remained silently admiring the pure influence of Christianity, while Religion herself seemed to stand bending over her child in all the loveliness with which inspiration has arrayed her. This child of affliction, (for such wilt out her permission I must call her,) had for two years indulged the Christian hope. No ambassador of Christ had been here to lead her within the enclosure of the church—no pious visitant had entered the humble dwelling to impart the bliss of Christian fellowship. But ministering angels had descended, and she had learned of the Father. Resigned to the lot of humanity, and supported by that faith which is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen, she had bid adieu to the world, and was waiting to be called to the abodes of the blessed. The widowed mother, too, could lead the promise made to the widow and the fatherless.

Having commended to the Great Shepherd this little group of afflicted, secluded beings, I bade them adieu for ever, and as I silently retraced my steps to the more busy scenes of life, I indulged the train of reflections suggested by the scene I had witnessed.—The impression which it stamped so indelibly upon my mind, I need not describe. There is still a freshness in the scene, (for I am relating facts,) which can be lost only with the power of recollection. The reader when he is assured that the page he peruses contains

no fiction, will make his own reflections, and he will be impressed with the truth that true happiness is found in the humblest, as well as in the more elevated, walks of life. The gay and beautiful whose attention is devoted to the walks of pleasure, while they pity this sequestered sister in the wilderness, will feel the importance of seeking that religion which supports her in the hour of affliction, and which constitutes the loveliness of her character. The pious fair, too, who, in their sphere of benevolence, resemble angels of mercy, will not, in their "walks of usefulness," forget the cottage of the poor. The cottage scene will often afford to the benevolent mind a happiness far superior to a visit in the halls of a palace. I love to recur, in my lonely meditations, to the "lodge in the wilderness," and I would rather visit the solitary grave of this departed saint, (for she now sleeps beneath the shade of the adjacent forest,) and read her rudely sculptured name, than to gaze upon "the storied urn and animated bust" of the proudest hero.

CLIFTON.

## YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

All flesh is grass, and All the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field.—Isaiah xl. 6.

Come youth, take a walk into the fields, survey the blooming beauties which surround you. How ardent—how cheerful—how gay are the fields and meadows! Every thing is flourishing in life and beauty. The earth teems with vegetative life—it is carpeted over with grass and herbs for the service of man and beast—to supply necessity, to give delight—to refresh the body, to exhilarate the mind. See yonder, the mower cutting the grass! The tall and strong, the tender and feeble, the herb and flower, fall in promiscuous heaps around him. His scythe sweeps unheeding over the beautiful scene. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth. All flesh is as grass.—The scythe of death cuts down alike the aged and the young—the rich, the honorable, the grave, the gay. Their goodness is as the flower of the field. Turn now your thoughts over the circle of your acquaintance. How strong is the resemblance to the scene before you. Where is now your father, your mother, your child, your sister, or your brother? The grass withereth—they have been trampled by the foot of death, or have fallen by the stroke of his scythe. Thy young, accomplished, and beautiful companion, where is she? Where is she? The flower is faded. Thou art constrained to drop the tear of affection at the remembrance of the scene.—Prepare to meet thy God.

Late I beheld fair—'s form,  
Fresh, beautiful, and meek;  
Her bosom glow'd with virtue warm,  
And health sat on her cheek.

The freshest verdure of the plain,  
Could not more charm the eye;  
Refresh'd by dew and gentle rain,  
Beneath the mildest sky.

The perfumes of the morning gale,  
When fragrant myrtles bloom;  
Could not so much the soul regale,  
With all its rich perfume.

The beauty of the virgin rose,  
Which blushes to the day,  
Could not so lovely charms disclose,  
Nor cast so soft a ray.

The music of the vocal grove,  
When the sweet warblers sing;  
Her voice excell'd when tun'd by love,  
These charming notes of spring.

All flesh is like the springing grass,  
Like lovely flowers of May;  
If blighting winds but o'er them pass,  
They wither and decay.

The verdure wears a sickly hue,  
The perfume wastes in air;  
The rose is laid to the dew,  
The last bright sigh of its prayer.

If all that here can charm the eye,  
If all that feeds the hold dear,  
Like grass and flowers must fade and die,  
Oh, then, for death prepare!

## THE LITTLE BOY WHO WAS RAISED TO LIFE AGAIN.

In a time of great famine, when there was scarcely any thing to eat in the land, a poor widow woman received Elijah, the Prophet of the Lord, into her house; and though she had nothing but a little meal in a barrel, and a crumb of oil, she gave him a share of them. And the Lord gave a blessing to the barrel of meal, and to the crumb of oil, so that they multiplied, till there was plenty again on the earth.

This poor widow had a little boy; he was taken very ill, and at length he died. Children, as well as persons who are grown up, often die; and they should think of death and eternity, and prepare for them.

The poor woman was in great trouble when she lost her son. No doubt, she had hoped, that as his father was dead, he would grow up and be her comfort and her joy.

But now he was taken away. We must expect affliction. What are we better than our fathers? They all met with sorrow; "man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards."

And now the poor mother thought, that God had taken away her little boy on account of her sins. She knew that sin is the great cause of all the affliction there is in the world. Indeed there would have been nothing but sin on the earth if it had not been for sin. There would have been no pain, and no death, if there had been no transgression. And so, the poor widow thought of her sins, and no doubt, repented of them, and asked God to forgive her.

And Elijah, the Prophet of the Lord, said unto her, "Give me thy son?" And he took him out of her bosom, and carried him up into a loft where he abode, and laid him upon his own bed.

And he prayed to the Lord,—he knew, that though he could do nothing, that God could do every thing he pleased; that he could help in the greatest trouble, and that he was accustomed to listen to the prayer of his servants. So he cried to him, and said, "O Lord, my God, I pray thee, let this child's soul come into him again!"

And the Lord heard the voice of Elijah, and the soul of the child came into him again; and he revived. And Elijah took the child, and brought him down out of the chamber into the house, and delivered him unto his mother; and Elijah said, See! thy son liveth. 1 Kings, 17th chapter.

O, it must have been a fine sight! I dare say the little boy threw his arms around his mother's neck, and wept for joy. And no doubt, but that the big tears of gratitude to God trickled fast one after another, down the mother's cheeks.

All the family of God shall awake from the tomb; they shall come forth, and smile with joy. There shall not be one little infant left behind. Jesus hath said, "I will ransom them from the power of the grave. I will redeem them from death. O death! I will be thy plague! O grave! I will be thy destruction! I will smite thee mortal shall put on immortality!"—*Youth's Friend.*

## OBITUARY.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

Died, in Chatham, Mass. Mrs. MARY HAMILTON, the wife of Mr. William Hamilton, aged 20 years and 8 months. Sister Hamilton possessed a feeble constitution through life. About the age of thirteen her attention was called up, but many others, soon forgot the impression in a measure without experiencing religion. She had frequent seasons of remorse of conscience, when in company with her associates; these feelings constrained her to live in a moral and serious manner. She remained without hope and without God in the world, till about nine years ago, when the Lord took her in hand again. There was a reformation in the town at that time un-

der the labors of the Rev. Moses Fifield. Sister Hamilton was under conviction for some time, seeking and crying for mercy; at length she found the Lord, and came to her soul. In a meeting at her mother's, after preaching, he called the mourners forward to the altar for prayer; she among the rest came forward, and found the Lord before she left the place. Shortly after she joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and has been a worthy member through her life. She sought to know their wants, but supplied them. Her sickness commenced last March, through which she passed with great patience and resignation. I visited her in her sickness and asked her how the shadow of her mind was; she said that she had not the shadow of a doubt respecting her acceptance with Christ, but did not know how her faith would hold out; still she found the Lord to be precious to her soul. At the first of her sickness she was unwilling to part with her family, especially her children; she thought if she could carry them with her, she should be willing to die; but she found that would not do—she must give them all up into the hands of God, however dear they were to her, she must give them up—her dear ones also. When she did this her peace flowed like a river. In her last hours she found grace in proportion to her day. On the 9th of August, 1827, about eleven o'clock, A. M. she departed this life without a struggle or a groan. The last words that she was heard to speak were, "I am going—Lord Jesus receive my spirit." By this death a husband has lost a dear and affectionate wife, the children a tender and fond parent, the church a worthy member, the poor a benevolent friend. This sister Hamilton lived beloved and died lamented by all her acquaintance. She had many relatives to follow her to the grave. The funeral was attended with great solemnity; it was a house of mourning indeed; but our loss is her intimate gain. Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints. Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors: and their works do follow them.

"Why do we mourn for dying friends,  
Or sulk at death's alarms—  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to his arms?"

HEZEKIAH THATCHER.

Chatham, August 20, 1827.

## THE GATHERER.

## THE STRAIGHT ROAD.

President N— once preached a discourse near Salem, in which he set forth the intense and eternal torments of the finally impenitent. One of our modern restorationists heard the discourse; and, having "an itching palm" to show his knowledge of infidelity and divine dispositions, he followed the President to the house, where he took tea after the exercises of the day were closed, and introduced himself, by saying to Mr. N—, "Well, Sir, I have been to hear you preach, and have come here to request you to prove your doctrine." "I thought I had proved it," said I, "I took the Bible for testimony," was the reply. "Well, I do not find any thing in my Bible to prove that the sinner is eternally damned, and I do not believe such thing." "What do you believe?" "Why, I believe that mankind will be judged according to the deeds done in the body, and those that deserve punishment, will be sent to hell, and remain there until the debt is paid." "So," says Mr. N—, "I have but a word to say to you; and first—do I love thee?" And lastly—there is a straight road to heaven; but if you are determined to go round through hell, to get there, I cannot help it." The man took his leave, but his mind was "ill at ease." There is a straight road to heaven, still rung in his ears: he went home, read the Bible attentively, and was soon convinced of and acknowledged his error; and after a suitable warning, united with the followers of the Lamb.—*West Hill.*

From the Columbian Star.

## THOUGHTS.

"Guard well thy thoughts. Our thoughts are born in heaven." All the elementary principles of man's conduct may be found in the thoughts. They are the seeds of action, the faint lineaments of good or evil, the ground work of the whole picture of human life. The whole current of morality flows from these little fountains, which retire inwardly, until lost in the secret chambers of mind and perception. The wretch trembles before the bar of insulted justice, who is heretofore struck while faithful witnesses are developing his turpitude, and while he expects from the lips of the judge the sentence of that law which has no ears to listen to his supplications, may trace back all his guilt and wretchedness to his thoughts. The murderer whose hands have been stained with the blood of his fellow man, who pined the cries of his victim about to strike the last fatal blow, and who survive his deed of death only to die more hideously, first in the gnawings of his own conscience, and then by the stern hand of retributive justice, may thank his thoughts for all this horrid consummation. He who has lured crime with crime, making one enormity necessary to cover another, until he has passed a concatenation of revolting atrocities, may find the first link of the chain in his thoughts. That apostate from his God who once carried a high profession, and seemed to outstep the foremost in zeal and diligence; but who now groins in vice, and finds his companions among the groveling of sensuality, the scandal of his profession, and the grief of his friends, may find the consummation of his infamy and defection in his thoughts. Ye candidates for immortality, "How long shall your thoughts lodge within you?" CAUTION.

## MR. GIFFORD.

The late Mr. Gifford never stipulated for a salary as editor of the Quarterly Review; at first he received two hundred pounds, and at last 900 pounds per annum; but never engaged for a particular sum. Several times returned money to Murray, saying, "I had been too liberal." Perhaps he was the only man on this side the Tweed, who thought so. He was perfectly indifferent about wealth. I do not know the proof of this, than the fact that he was richer than a very considerable sum, at the time of his death, when he was at all aware of it. In union with his contempt of money, was his disregard of any external distinction; he had a strong natural aversion to any thing like pomp or parade. A very intimate friend, who had risen like him from small beginnings, having taken his doctor's degree, conceived his importance to be somewhat augmented by this new distinction. Having called on Gifford shortly after, he brought the subject on the tapis, and observed, with evident satisfaction, "But I hope, Gifford, you won't quit me now I am a doctor?" "Quit thee? No, let them say what they will of thee, I shall never call thee anything but Jack." Yet he was by no means insensible to an honorable distinction; and when the University of Oxford, about two years before his death, offered him a doctor's degree, he observed, "Twenty years ago it would have been gratifying; but now it would only be written on my coffin."—*Literary Gazette.*

## THE SABBATH.

Bishop Andrews observes, "that to keep the Sabbath in an idle manner is the Sabbath of oxen and asses; to keep it in a jovial manner, to see plays and sights, to be at cards and entertainments, is the Sabbath of the golden calf; but to keep it in suffering, in chambering and wantonness, this is the Sabbath of Satan, and the devil's holiday."

Dr. Franklin observed: "The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine houses nor fine furniture."

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